beginners guide on the correct way to display your collection

A CTOMMY ZINE

dedicated to the incredible creators
behind The DreamSMP, who inspire others with their work
and passion every day.

dedicated to the incredible artists and writers
who put so much time and effort into making this
a reality.

and dedicated to you, for supporting this project,
without you it wouldnt exist.

thank you

credits

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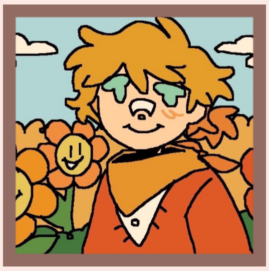

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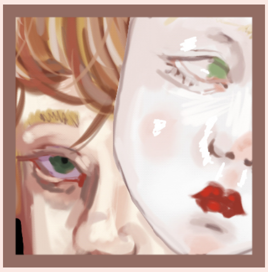

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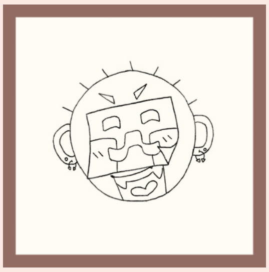
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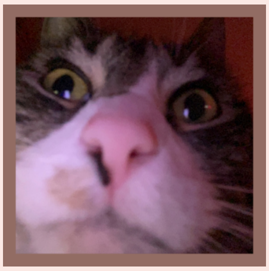

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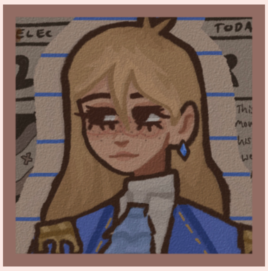

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WRITERS

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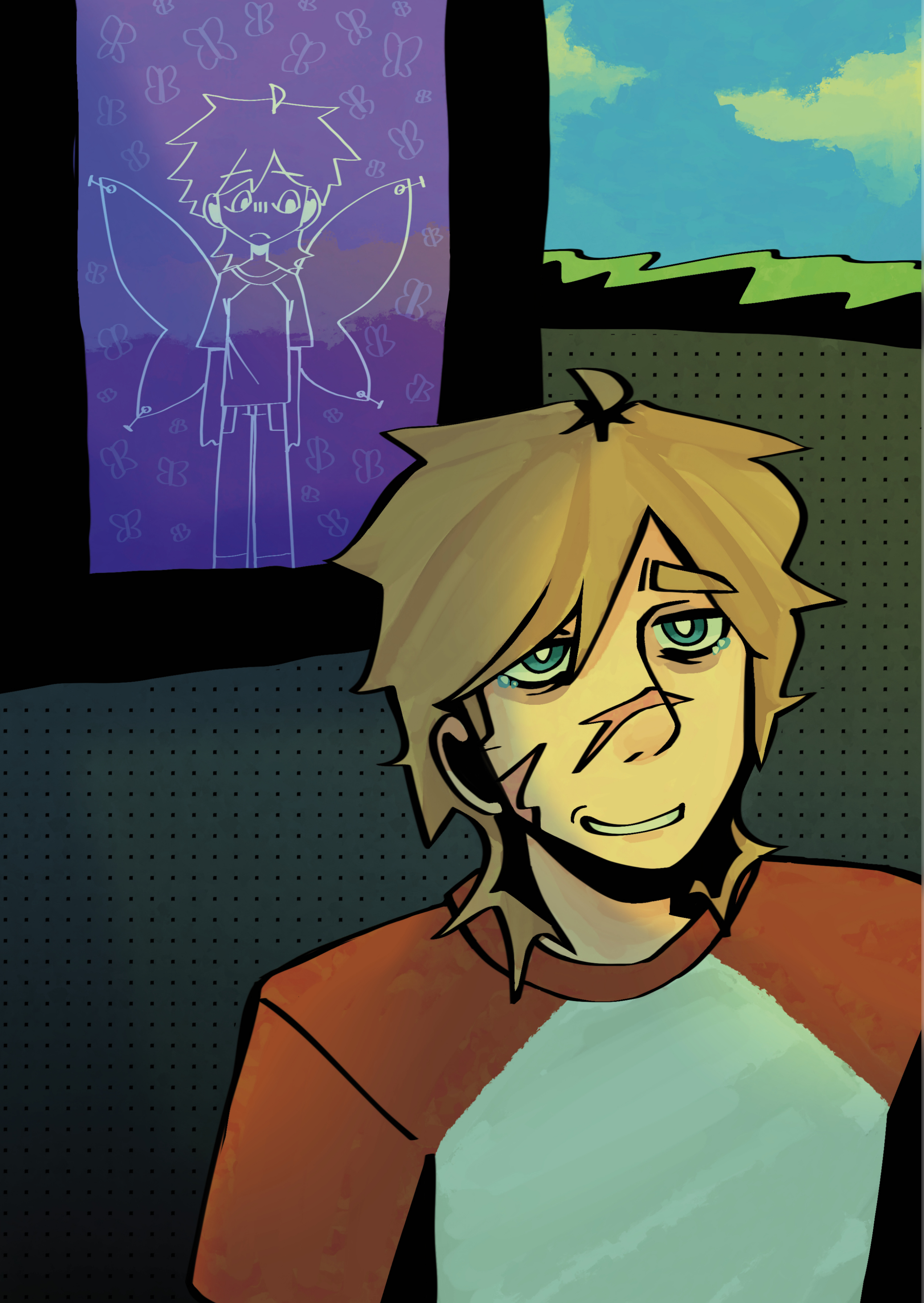

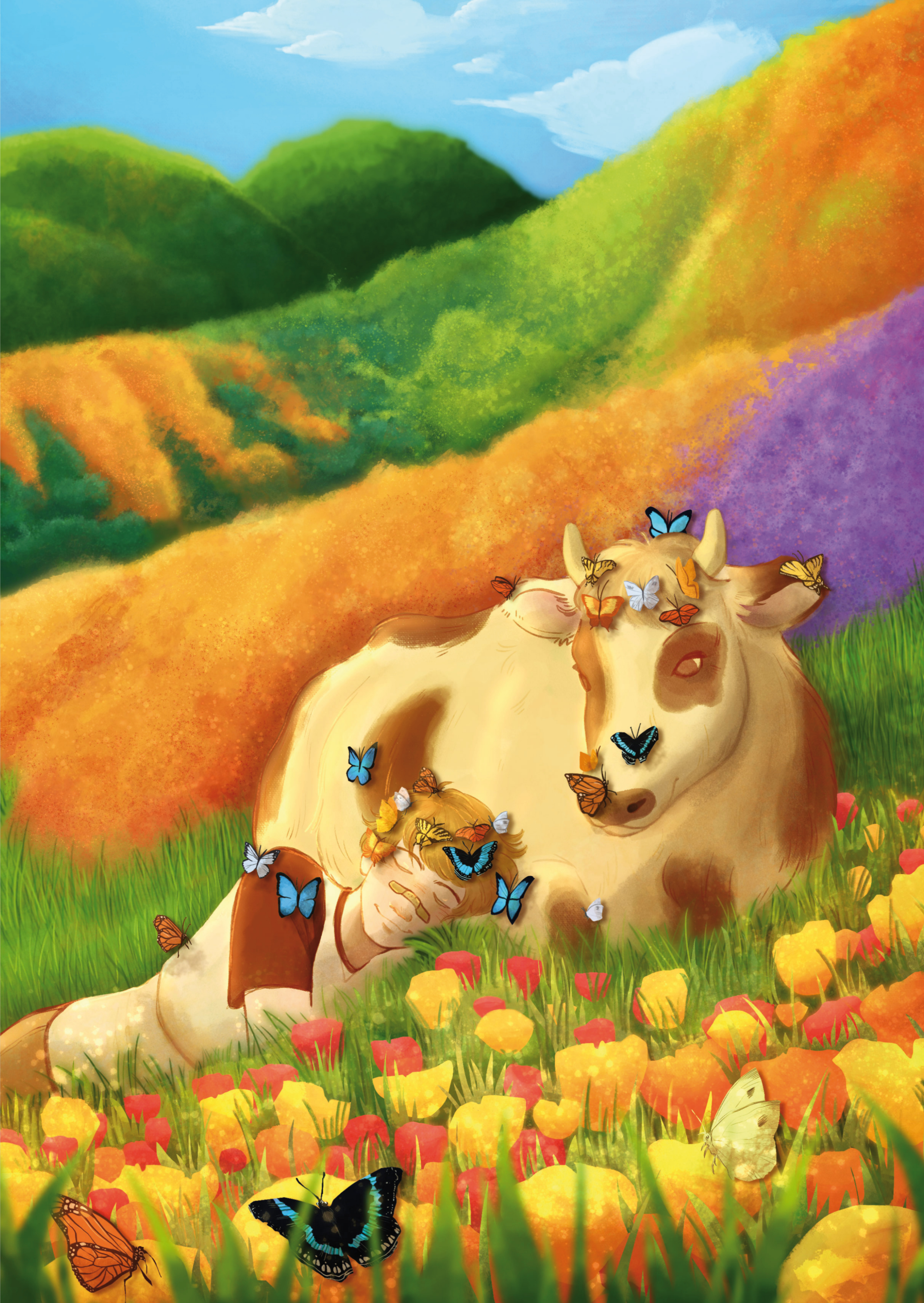

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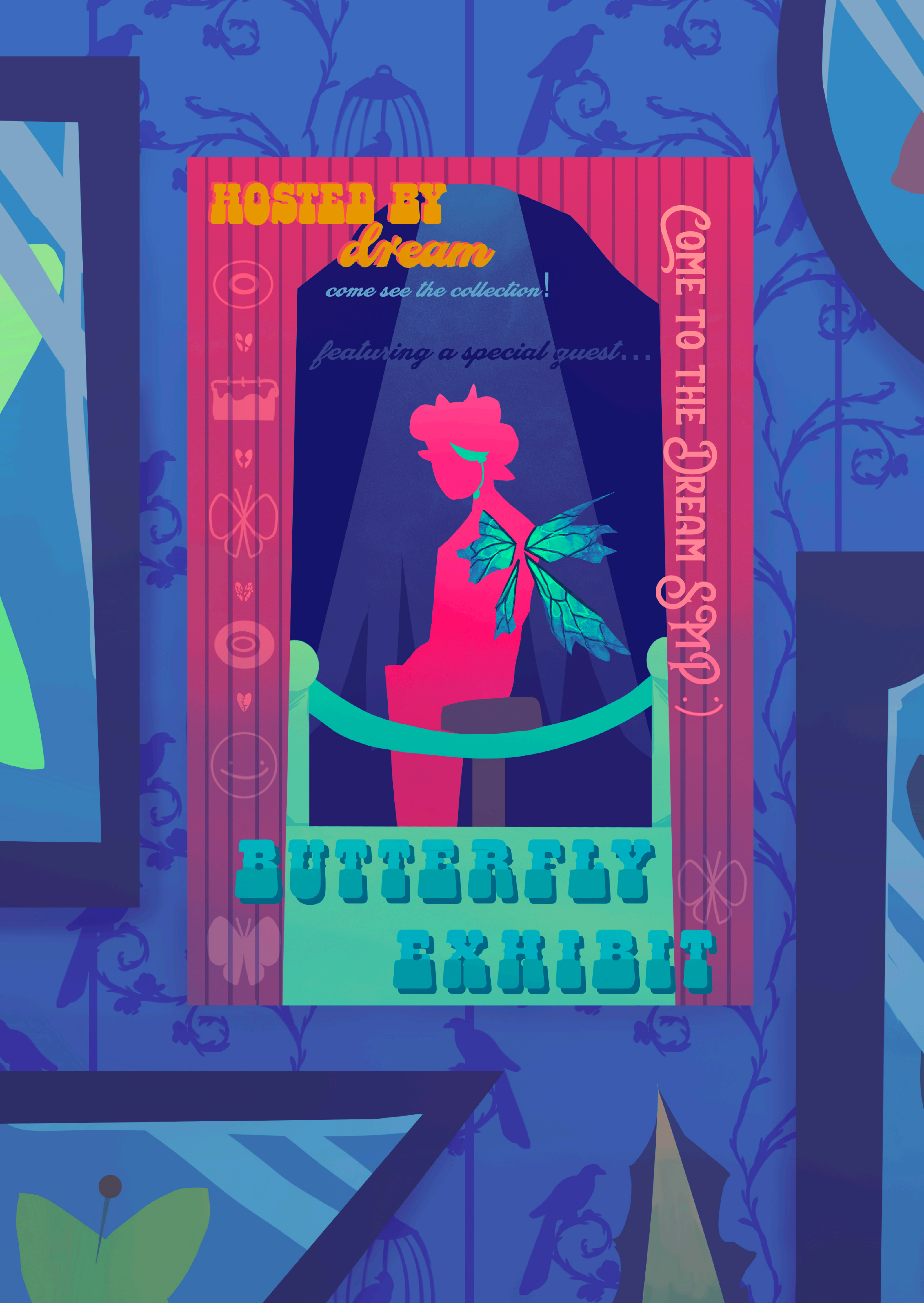

HOSTED BY
dream
come see the collection!
featuring a special guest...
Come to the Dream SMP :)
BUTTERFLY
EXHIBIT

@chewingpepsicola

Tommy is human.

He has been since the day he was born, it's all he knows. He's got no powers, no special traits, it's just the way he was made.

Everyone else is something. He's grown up around winged friends and hooved enemies, and it is nothing but normal to him. Whether it's Ranboo with his giant clawed hands or Puffy with her fluffy wool coat, hybrids and animalistic beings are familiar.

Tommy has never met another human, and sometimes he wonders if he's the last. It just… doesn't make sense for someone so plain to exist in a world so magical.

That being said, his humanity does not keep him up at night, and it never has. Until one morning in exile.

The sun is still just peaking over the treetops, and Tommy can see his own breath in the early chill.

Dream stops by with something to show him; a collection of butterflies.

Dead butterflies.

They sit in the field together, and Dream guides him through all the different types. He seems excited and delicate with the board in a way Tommy's never seen.

He tells Tommy about the monarchs and the swallowtails, eyes bright, and the latter has never seen him so interested in something.

Tommy just wishes he could be as happy as he is, but the sight of the butterflies so clean and still leaves an odd taste in his mouth.

There's one thing, however, that sticks out from the rest; one thing that keeps him up at night.

Butterflies can perceive colours that humans can't. They see colours that humans have never even thought of.

That night, for the first time in his life, Tommy questions his humanity.

Later in the week he asks Dream if the man can see the red on his hands. There's a crimson on his palms, dripping from his fingers always. It's the same red that's splattered on Dream's mask, the same red that Tommy sees dripping from Techno’s fists and the same red that won’t ever wash from Tubbo’s face.

Dream asks him if he’s feeling alright.

But the red doesn’t fade, and Tommy feels sick when he realizes no one else can see it.

He thinks of the butterflies, of the tiny creatures who stay so perfect even in death, who look so gorgeous even with Dream looming over them. He thinks he might be just like them.

He tries to wash the red from his hands, but it doesn’t go away no matter how hard he scrubs, and the next time Dream comes to visit he takes his hands and stares down at them, demanding to know what happened.

Tommy can’t see beyond the dripping crimson, but Dream tells him they’re raw and pink, his skin scrubbed away.

He asks the man to bring the board back with a lump in his throat, and when he lays his eyes on the butterflies he wants to ask them if they can see it too.

Of course, they never answer. Tommy wishes he could say it’s because the dead don’t speak but for some reason it seems more probable that they’d rather just not speak to him.

The months pass by in a haze, the red never leaving, and it’s not till he’s being beaten bloody and blue in a prison cell that things get worse.

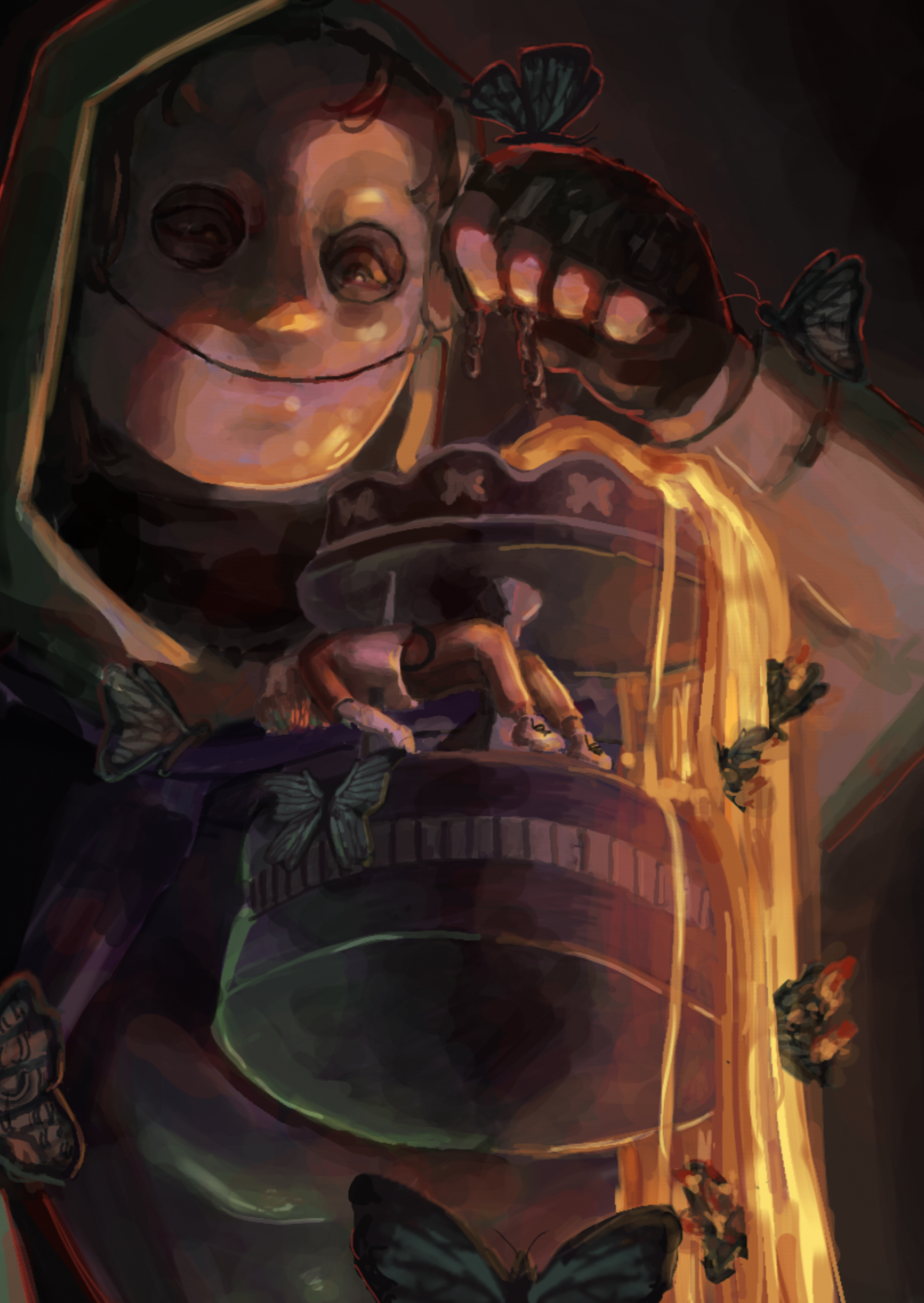
When he is brought back to life days later he sees the red on the crying obsidian. He chastises Dream loudly, berating him for not cleaning the blood before resurrecting him, but he gets that same concerned tone he did in exile.

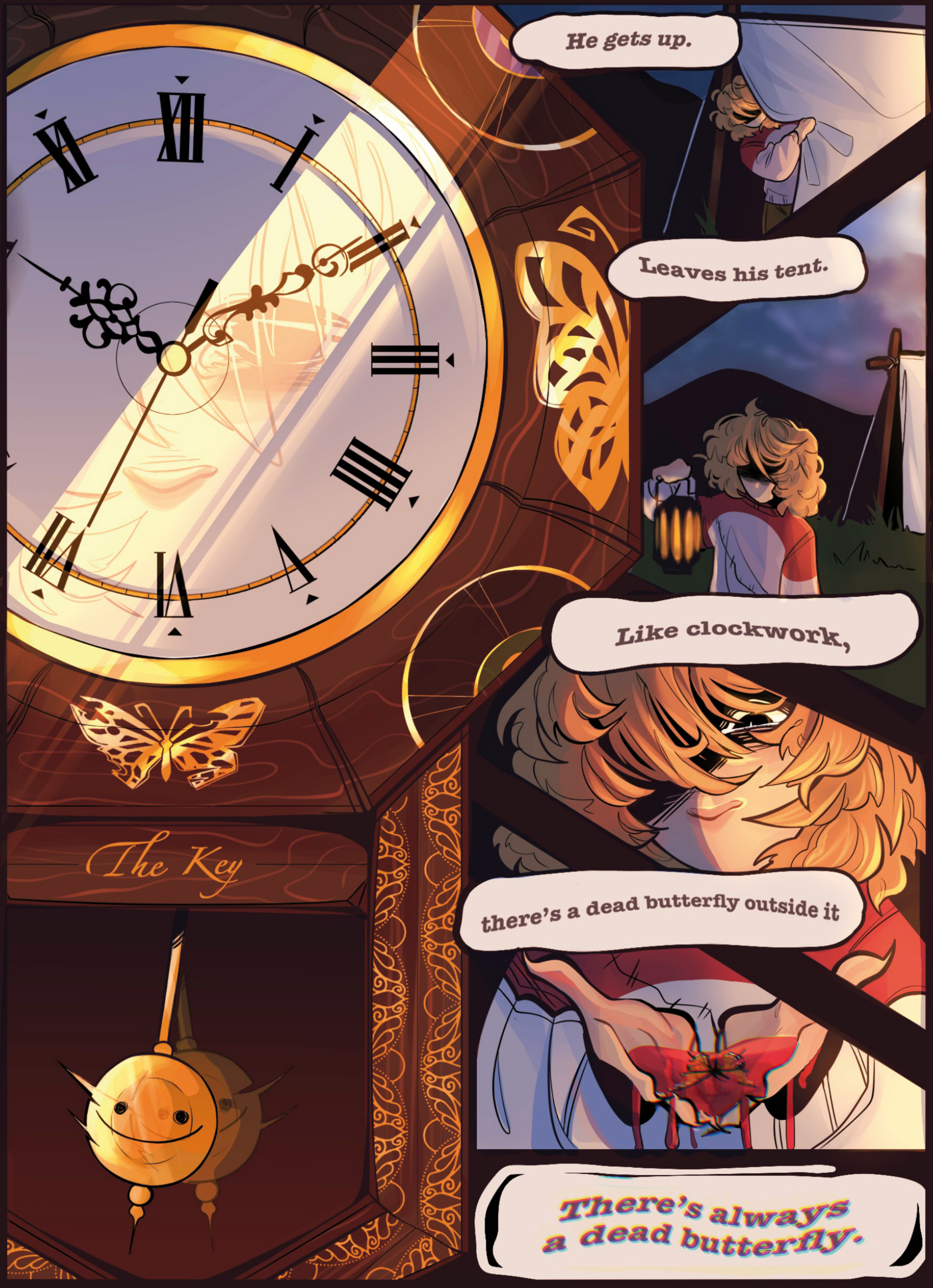
Dream can’t see the red, but Tommy can see it splattered on the ground and on his hands and on his clothes.

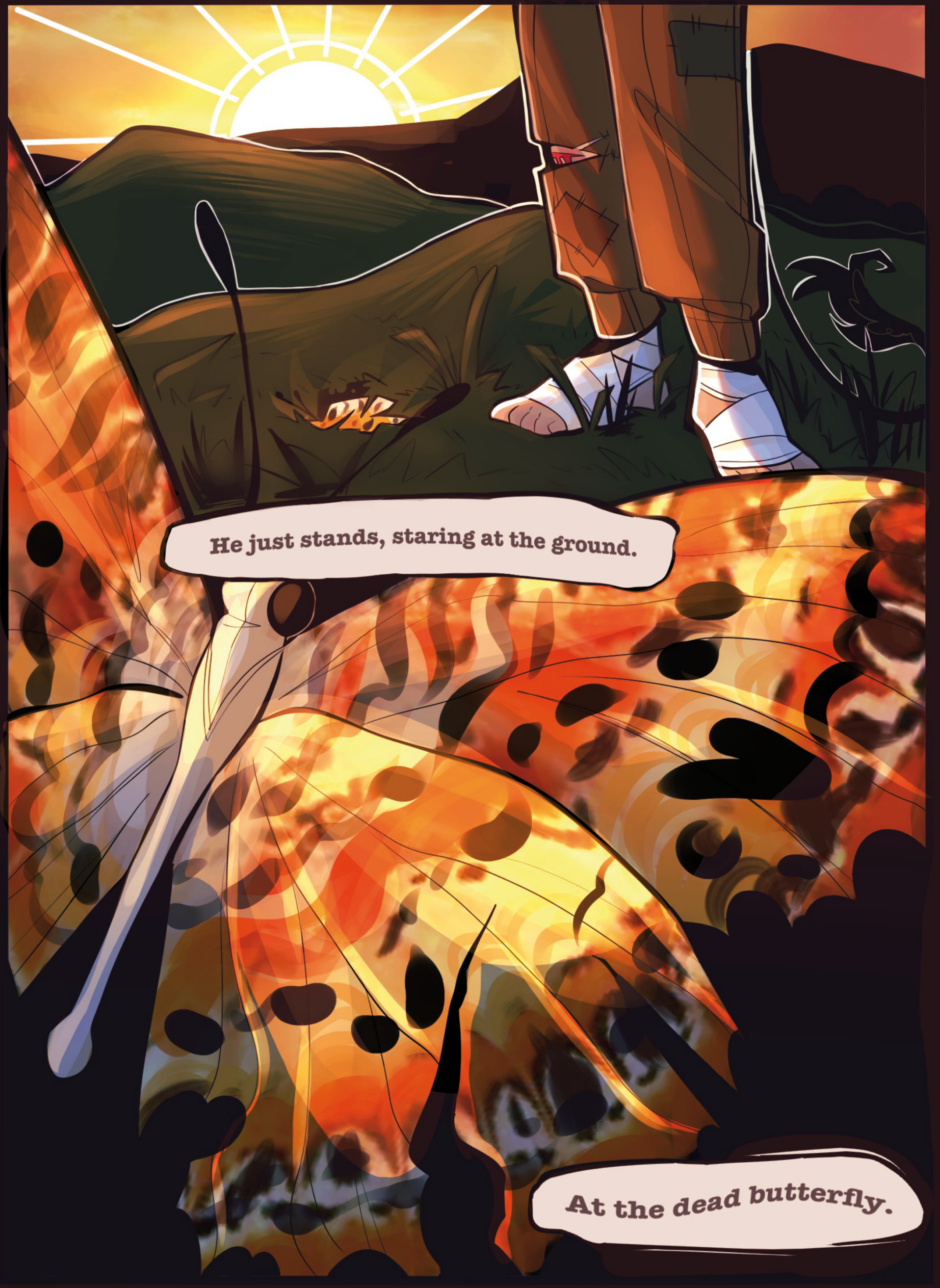
Once he leaves the prison, he notices that he can see the red on Sam. It’s speckled across his fur, dripping to the floor, but Tommy is too scared to bring it up.

The red follows him as he goes, and he realizes with a pit in his stomach that it will only grow thicker and more prominent as time goes on.

The red will consume him, slowly but surely, and the only ones that will be able to see his decay are the butterflies that watch from afar.




He gets up.
Leaves his tent.
Like clockwork,
there's a dead butterfly outside it
The Key
There's always a dead butterfly.


He just stands, staring at the ground.
At the dead butterfly.

There’s a dead butterfly on the ground.

It’s a sunny day. Frost glistens on the trees, reflecting in the eyes of anyone unlucky enough to be around. A thick layer of it covers the ground, leaving everything crinkly and slippery. The bleak, early winter air rolls over Tommy and forces shivers out of him. It forces him to his knees, digging a heel of ice into his back and makes him plead for warmth through pale lips, hands clasped together in front of him.

Icicles freeze solid as he limps towards his tent, leaving a trail of water behind him. Long, curly hair plasters against his forehead and to his neck and if he doesn’t get to his tent soon, he’s going to go hypothermic. If he doesn’t get into dry clothes soon, they’re going to be stuck to his skin, rubbing it raw, but he can’t move. He just stands, staring at the ground.

At the dead butterfly.

It sits on a patch of grass. One of its wings tears at the seams between colors, severing black-and-white from bright orange. Something is leaking onto the ground beneath it, a strange color Tommy can’t place. It sits outside of his tent, frost creeping onto it; a dead snow angel.

He sinks to his knees, and scoops the butterfly into his palms. Prime, please don’t get angry at me. I didn’t mean to kill another one. I promise. Things just die around me. I can’t help it.

Then, after sliding the butterfly into one hand, he starts clawing at the frozen dirt.

A hand on his shoulder stops him. Tommy tenses.

“What the hell are you doing?”

Dream shouldn’t be here, it’s too early, it’s—it’s too early, right? The sun was up, sure, but it wasn’t that high in the sky, it had to be early. Early enough that Dream wasn’t supposed to be here. Right? Well, it—well, uh, he was standing for quite a while, so maybe more time had passed? His fingers were raw and blistering, he’d barely made a dent in the dirt. Maybe he’d—his mind had gotten lost, digging? Maybe—

“Hey. Tommy.” The gloved hand digs brittle fingernails into his shoulder. “Are you even listening to me? What the hell are you doing? You’re—what are you doing?”

“I—shit, I’m—” He needs to apologize. That’ll make it a lot easier to handle. He can’t handle the punishment right now. Yeah. “I just—shit, sorry, sorry man, I—” He sighs, breathes heavily, and holds up his hand to Dream. “I found this,” he says. Blank.

Dream’s hand leaves his shoulder. “Another one, huh?”

Tommy forces a jerky nod. Dream sighs. Then, he kneels down behind him.

“What—Dream? I’m not sure you want to help me dig a grave, big man, you—you’re, uh, a busy guy—”

“I’m not busy,” Dream corrects, “I came out this early just to see you. I wanted to spend some time together. We can start by pinning this butterfly together, I’ll show you how to.”

“It’s—it’s fine, Dream, I swear. I don’t—I’m not really, fuckin’, I’m not good at anything, much less taxidermy or whatever the shit it’s called, I—you don’t need my help, I promise.”

Tommy’s stammering is ignored. Dream drops his pack to the ground beside them, and pulls out a board and a little bag full of pins. Then, bag in hand, he presses it to Tommy’s chest and scoots him against Dream’s chest. It feels like he’s a little kid again. Instead, the feeling is uncomfortable, warm and tight and humiliating, because he’s not a little kid. Dream drops the board in Tommy’s lap, and guides his hand, and it sucks. The butterfly slides from his palm onto it, the delicate wing tearing further.

“Hold this for me,” Dream instructs. Tommy catches the bag with shaking hands. “Good. Now, follow my lead.”

His fingers grip the middle of the butterfly; for a second, Tommy thinks it's wings flutter. But they don't move again. Instead, Dream fishes a pin out of his bag. “First, insert a pin into the thorax,” Dream instructs. His voice is loud, migraine-inducing loud right next to Tommy’s ear. “About... uh, just a little bit. Hold it tight, but not too tight, or you might damage it. You're gathering this, right, Tommy?"

Tommy nods. There’s a dead butterfly in front of him.

“Good. Then pin it to the board. Uh, usually, we’d relax it first, but this is just a test run. It doesn’t have to be perfect. I’ll teach you how to relax them later. Now that you’ve pinned it to the board, we—well, usually I’d do something a bit more complicated, but we can handle that later. So, for now, we’re pinning the wings in place.”

Dream fishes more pins from the bag. Tommy’s head jerks down. A green pin is pushed into his hand. A finger is holding the wing down. “You do the last pin, Tommy.”

No use trying to argue.

A whistle. “This ones pretty, huh? It’s a shame we won't be able to relax it how I like, since you tried to make a grave for it. It won’t stay pretty for as long.” A squeeze to his shoulder. It hurts, and Tommy ducks his head in shame. Dream gets up, taking the board with him. “I’ll grab some glass and obsidian, make it a proper display. You wait here, clear a space in your tent for it, alright? Next time, don’t make a grave. Wait for me.”

Tommy nods. There was a dead butterfly in front of him, but it’s gone now. He’s freezing.

There’s a dead butterfly on a board. There’s a dead butterfly in his tent. There’s so many dead butterflies in his tent, they cover the walls.

Tommy wakes up the next morning. Water drips off of his frame. The dead butterflies stare at him.

He gets up. Leaves his tent.

Like clockwork, there’s a dead butterfly outside of it.

There’s always a dead butterfly.

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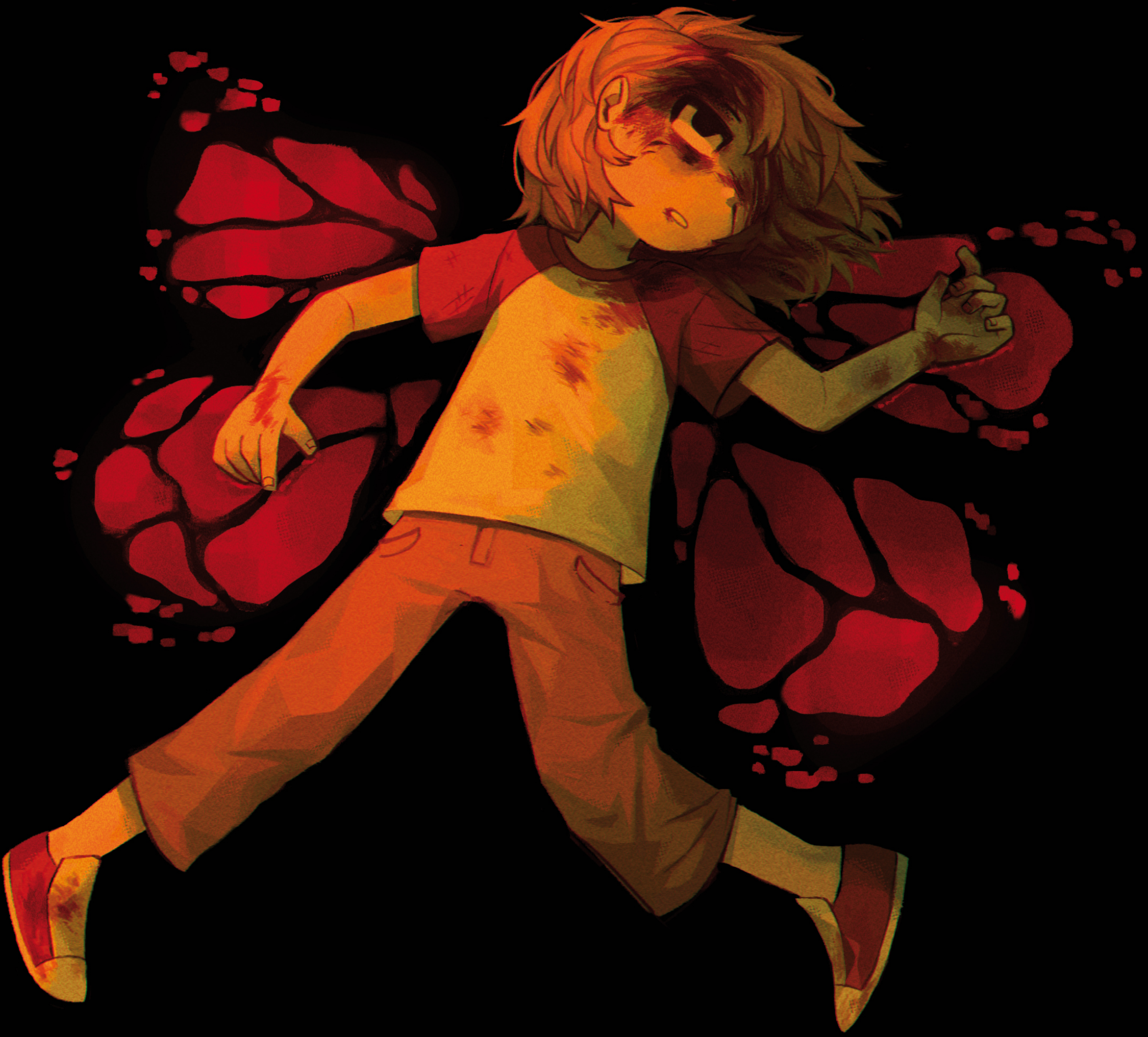
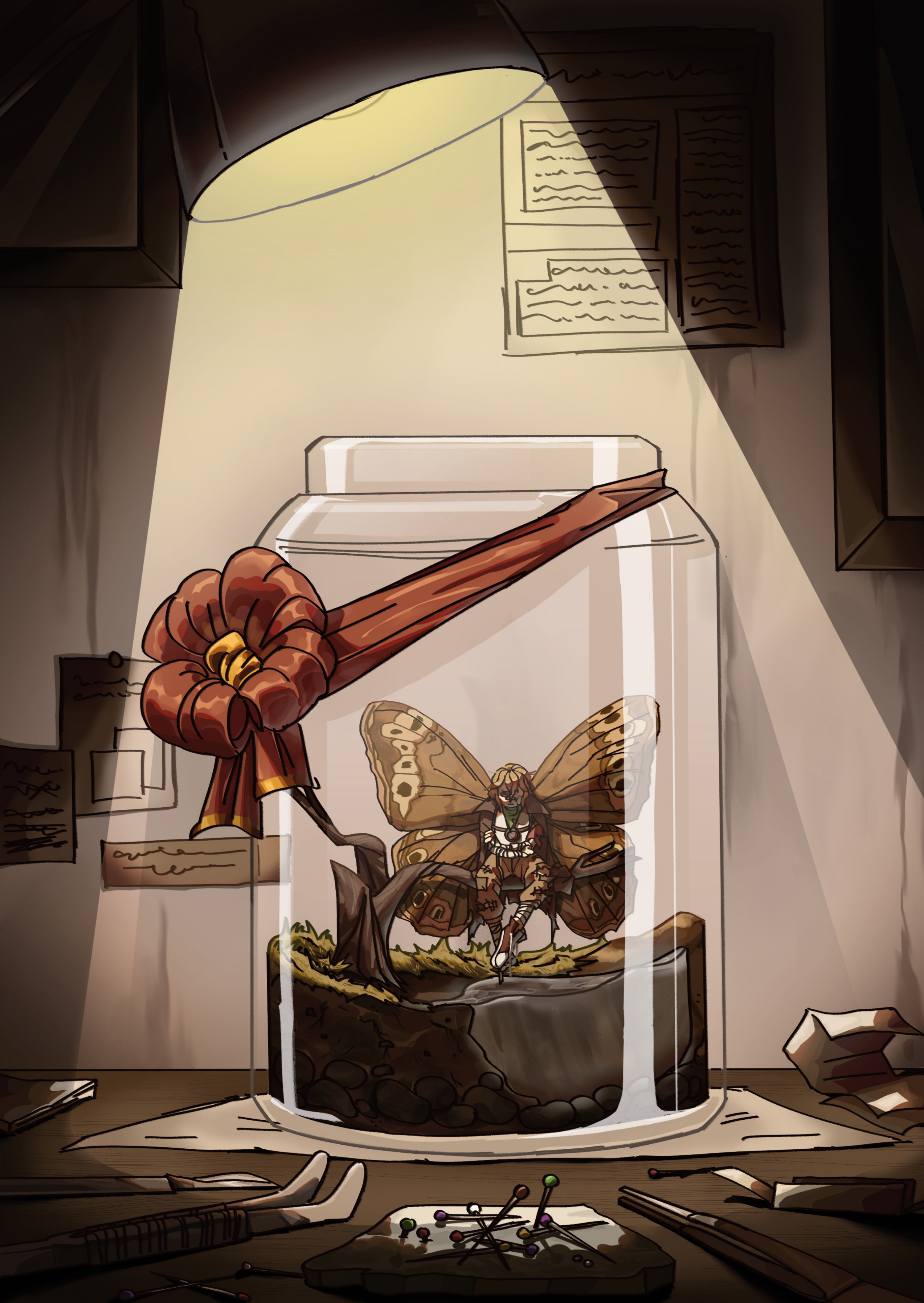
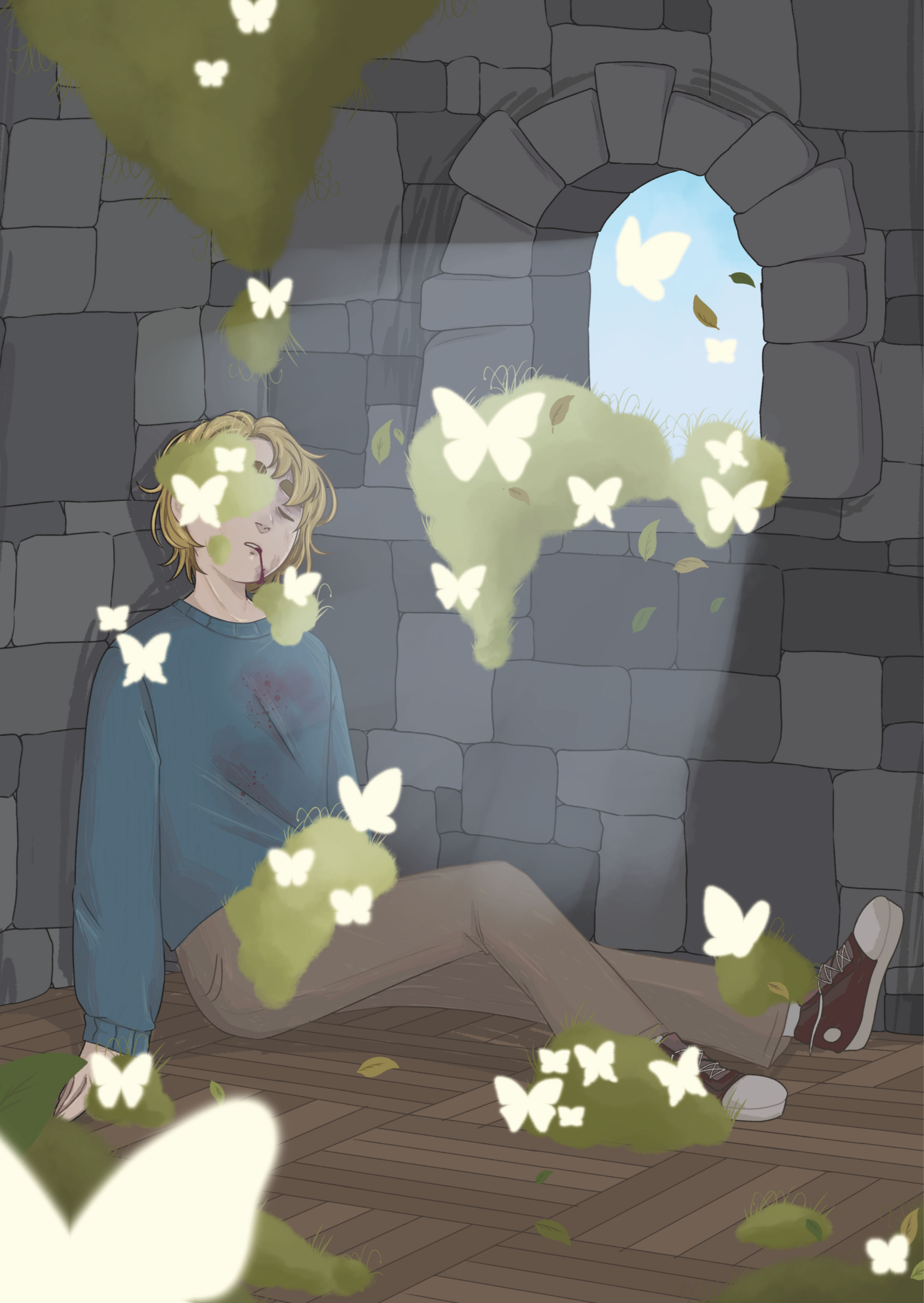






Tommy doesn't know what it is at first—the pain in his chest. He thinks, maybe, that Dream had ruined him in more ways than one when he'd revived him. That he'd messed up the revival process. Maybe the masked madman hadn't remembered the correct way in which the book was written. Maybe he broke his favorite toy on purpose.

Anything to make Tommy suffer; anything to remind Dream that Tommy was still his.

It doesn't matter, of course. Tommy is almost always in pain these days, regardless of how he may try to remedy it. He's always struggling to breathe in the smallest ways, or coughing up a lung when he moves too fast—there are days he can't even get out of bed. It's normal. It's life. He can't change it, so he accepts it. That's all he can do anymore.

The pain in his chest progresses for him just as things always seem to: negatively. What is supposed to be an upwards slope is hindered by paranoia and persistent pain, lingering just inside of his mind like an itch he can't scratch. He's so sick of being afraid of his own shadow. People were supposed to care about him now—things were supposed to get better. Tommy was supposed to get better.

Though he doubts it will work, he wants to try and make things better. He wants to make sure no one else gets hurt—wants to make sure no one ever gets stuck in Pandora's Box the way he had. Alone, Tommy begins work on his watchtower. He'd considered confiding in his best friends, but they're newly married. They don't want him around right now. He just needs to keep an eye on the deathtrap that Sam calls a prison. He needs to make sure everything is in order when it comes time for him to finally, finally kill Dream.

It's as he's laying the foundation and planning the walls that he begins to cough up blood.

Tommy knows this isn't a good thing; he isn't stupid. Coughing up blood means there's something wrong with your lungs, whether it be magical or not. It would explain why he's having such a hard time breathing and why he gets tired so quickly. He'd blamed it on missing meals, but now he isn't sure. Now, it feels more like Dream ruined his lungs when he tried to revive him.

And then he coughs up something solid. It's the tiniest speck soaked in blood, but when he washes it off in the sea water by the beach, he finds a flower petal. Oh.

It. Well. It makes sense. He hates that it makes sense, but it does. Tubbo and Ranboo don’t need him anymore; they have each other. Technoblade and Phil have long since made their hatred for him clear, and Sam let him die in the prison. These people are supposed to love him, but they don’t. Coughing up a flower petal makes so much sense that it makes Tommy sick, and then he’s coughing up even more.

It’s a pretty little thing: the petal. A bit twisted in its shape, all soft pink that spreads like a fish’s fin toward the end and a deeper magenta where it would connect to the center. He wonders, absently, what it would smell like under the metallic scent of his own blood.

It’s a cyclamen, Tommy knows that. He loves plants, and the hours he spent singing and studying them come with their own knowledge. He knows what it is. He knows what it means. An empathetic, devoted heart—oh, does he wish his heart was—alongside resignation, diffidence, and goodbye. If he thinks about it for long enough, they fit.

He drops the petal and keeps working. It doesn’t matter that this will kill him—that he’ll suffocate on flowers born from hopes and dreams and loss. He’ll finish his watchtower, and he’ll keep the people he loves safe even if they don’t love him anymore. It’s the least he can do after ruining everything he’s ever touched.

The flowers keep growing. They never stop growing. He notes how quickly they’re stealing his breath, makes friends with the butterflies that have begun to follow him around. When he’s gone, they’ll eat through his flesh to reach the flowers he’s within the greenhouse that has become his ribcage. He doesn’t blame them, nor does he mind. He’ll be of use this way.

Tommy can’t work on the tower for as long as he’d like anymore—not with the flowers greedily crowding his lungs. He has to take breaks in between the walls and the floors, leaning back against the half-finished bricks to catch his breath. They’re short breaks at first, barely fifteen minutes, and then they stretch. His eyelids grow heavy.

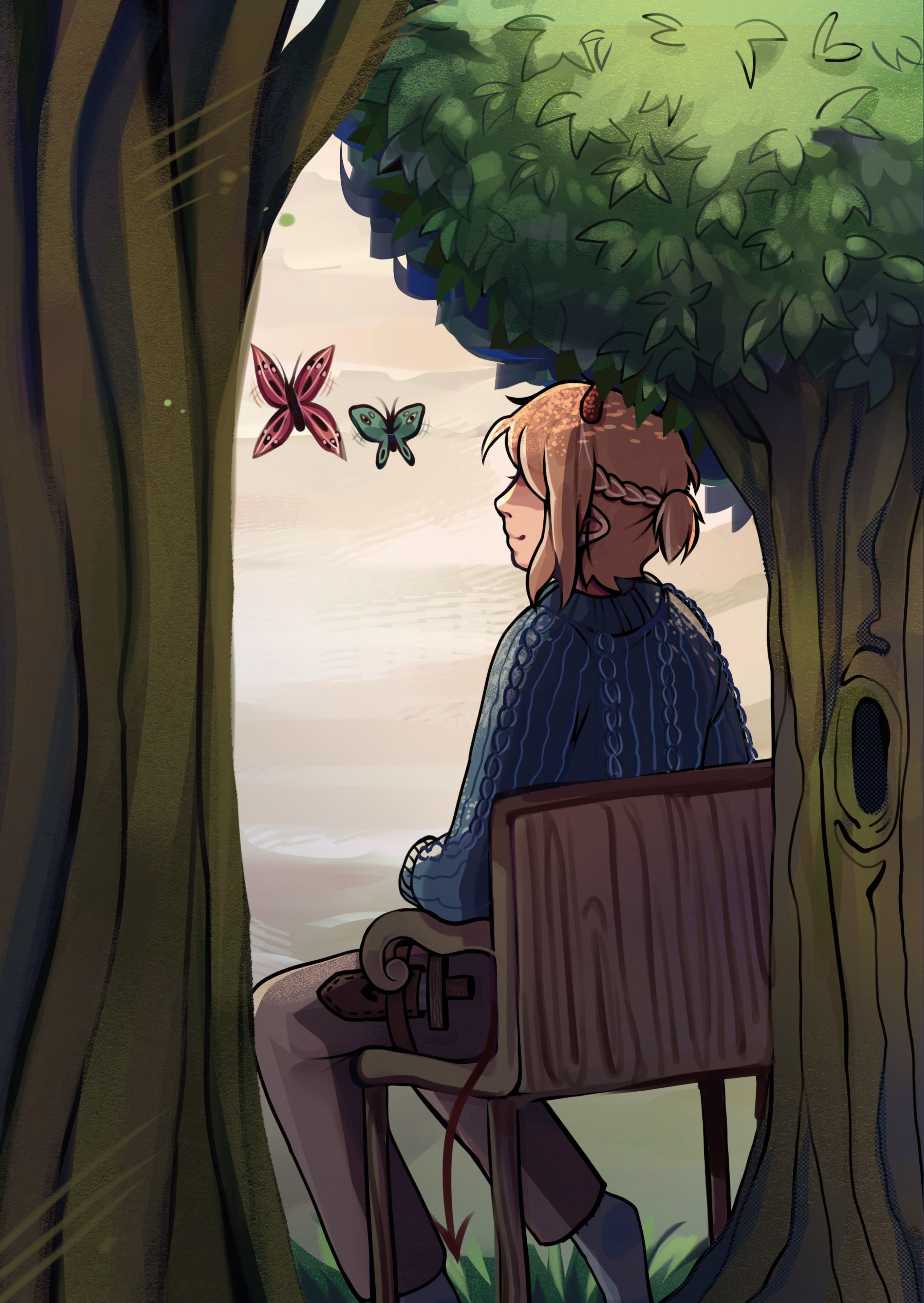
The butterflies land on his skin.

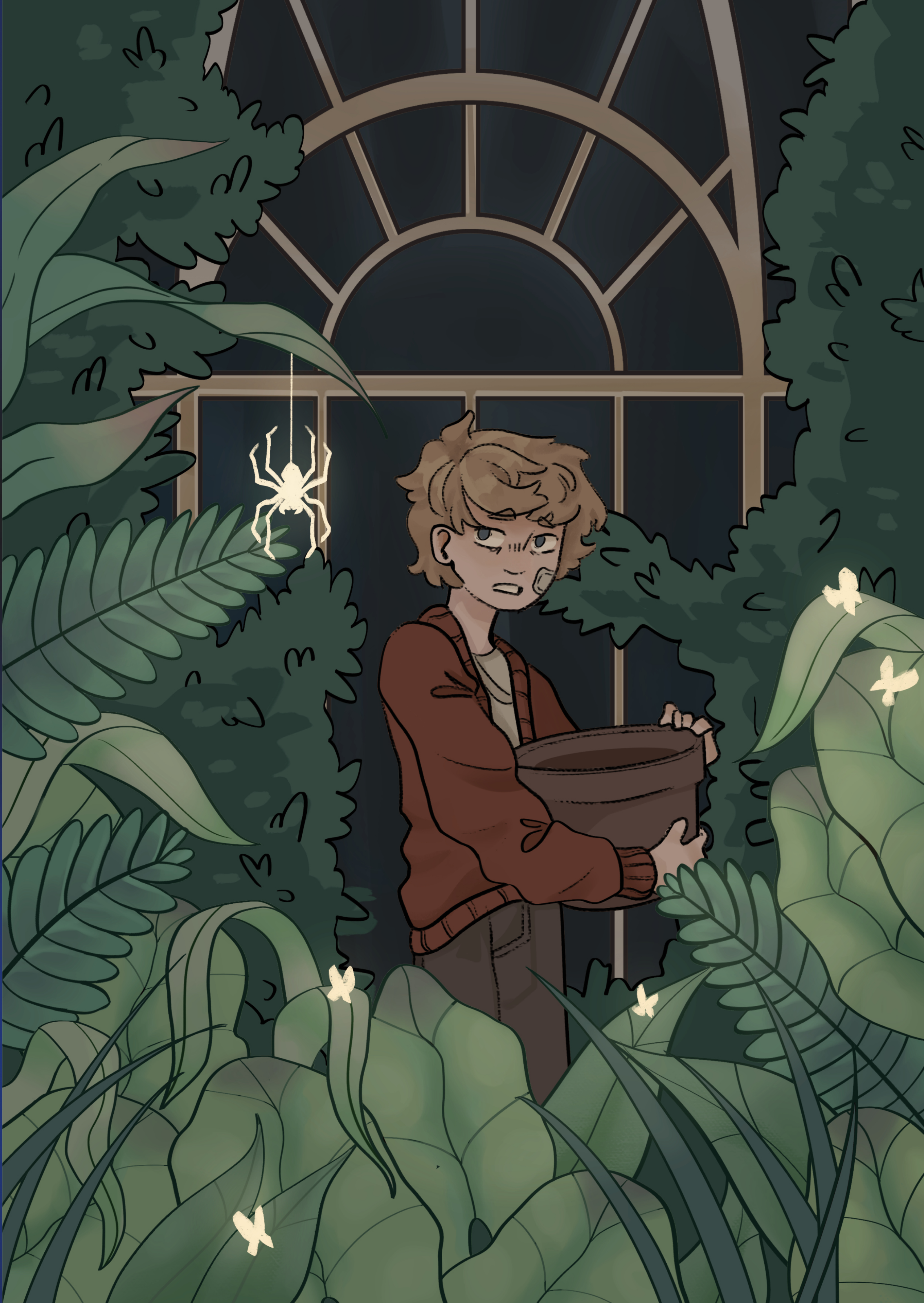
In the end, he doesn’t finish the roof. He finishes the top floor—the actual floor from which he was meant to watch the prison—but he can’t make it to the roof. He can feel the flowers pushing upwards into his throat, and he leans against the wall to rest. Just for a moment, he tells himself. He’ll close his eyes for only a moment.

He dies there, just as he knew he would. His last breath flutters the wings of a butterfly that has landed on his lips to drink the blood that leaks from his mouth. Another lands on his knee, and another, and another still.

When someone finds his body, he will be blanketed in the butterflies that crave the flowers from his lungs. They rest on the ones that bloom from his lips and nose, wings moving delicately in a slow, sorrowful applause. They feast on the flesh of his face, his hands, his neck.

At least, in the end, he was finally good for something.





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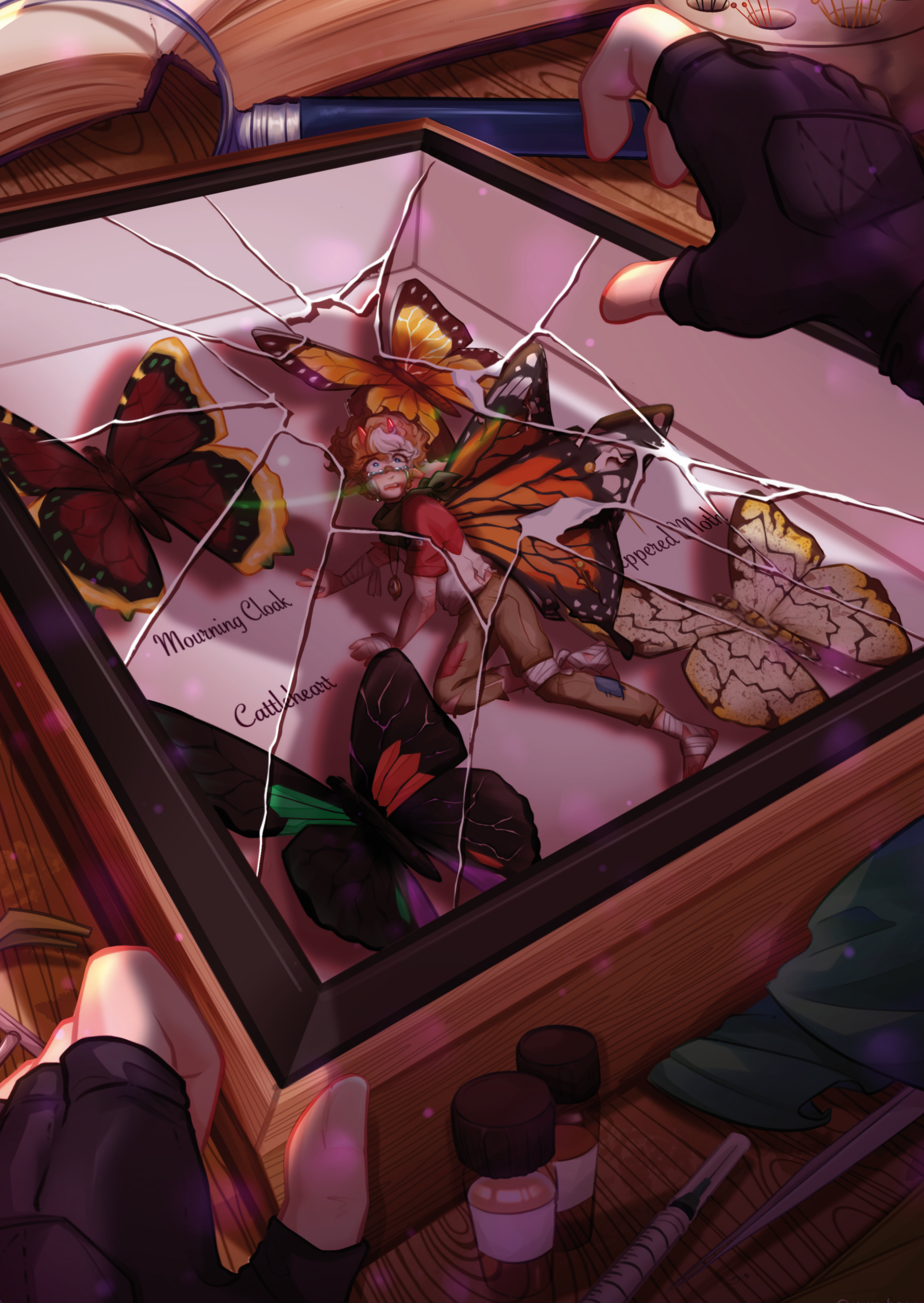

Mourning Cloak
Cattleheart
ppered Moth

fated (the lifespan of a monarch is two weeks)

the great migration was not from home to salted plain
but rather from bone to snap.

take the pain like sacrament, the remnants of a boy born to fly on display.
crucified sculpture, you are deifying the thought of six feet under
and if you squint hard enough the pins feel a little like love.

it’s prison, just paralysis, but the frame is all you have now.
can you find god somewhere beneath the styrofoam?
glass chapel, cold grace, and in the end, ice on wings and puddles shatters the same.
fearful rain. you want to drown yourself in it.

isn’t your breathing a blessing?
aren’t your colors your own?
stiff-limbed, safety-pinned, you were made to move
but destined to die.

and oh, pinned seraphim, isn’t your corpse spectacular?
isn’t your piety the prettiest thing about you?

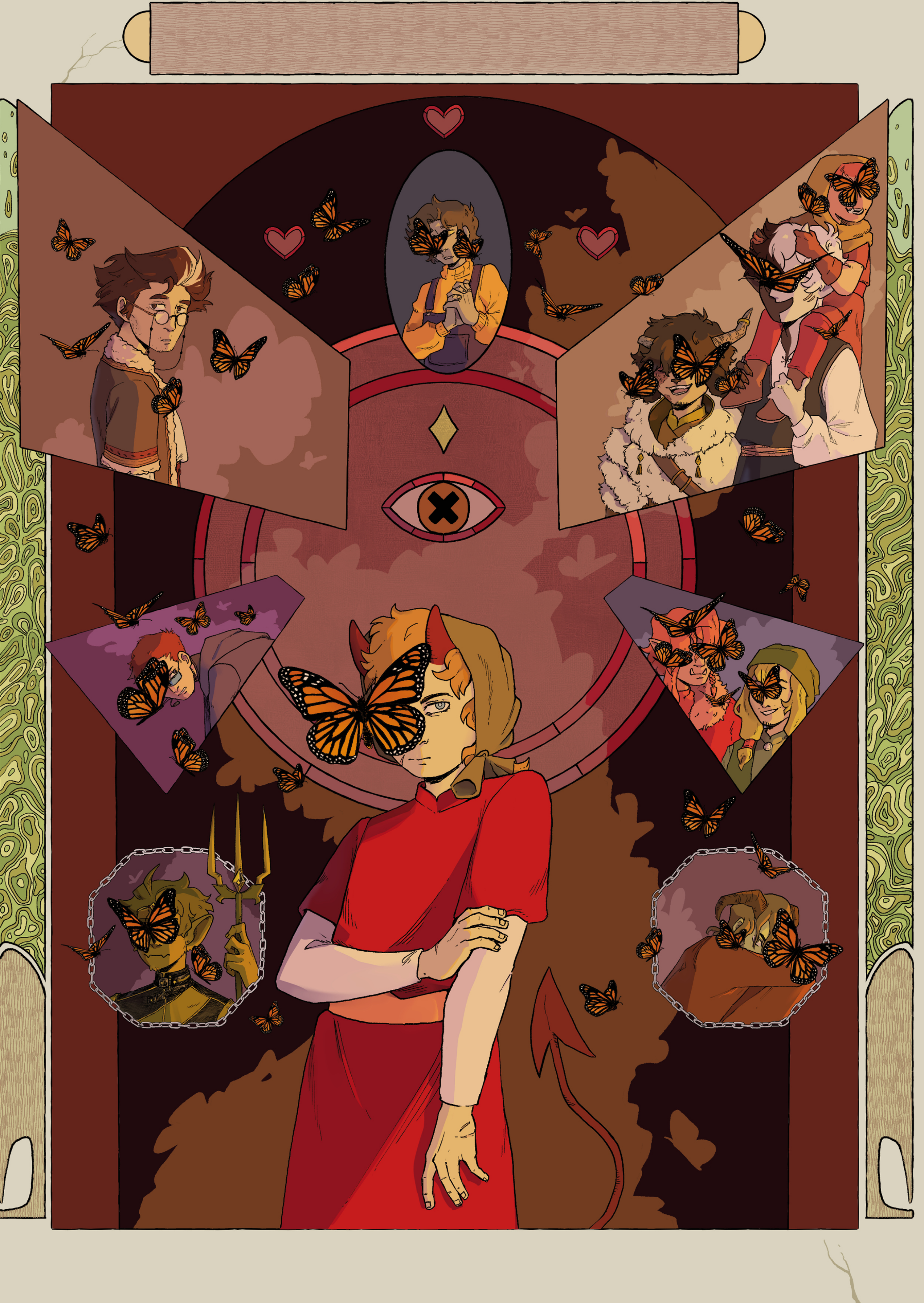
your iridescence is ugly to you, but to him it’s the pouring open, the facets of a sky:
modern art, hand-me-downs, heirloom goodbye,
solomon’s hymnal, powder and flame,

verdigris, grave dirt, pictures in frames.
blood on the grass, communion for ants,
and braids and home and peace and the absence of it.

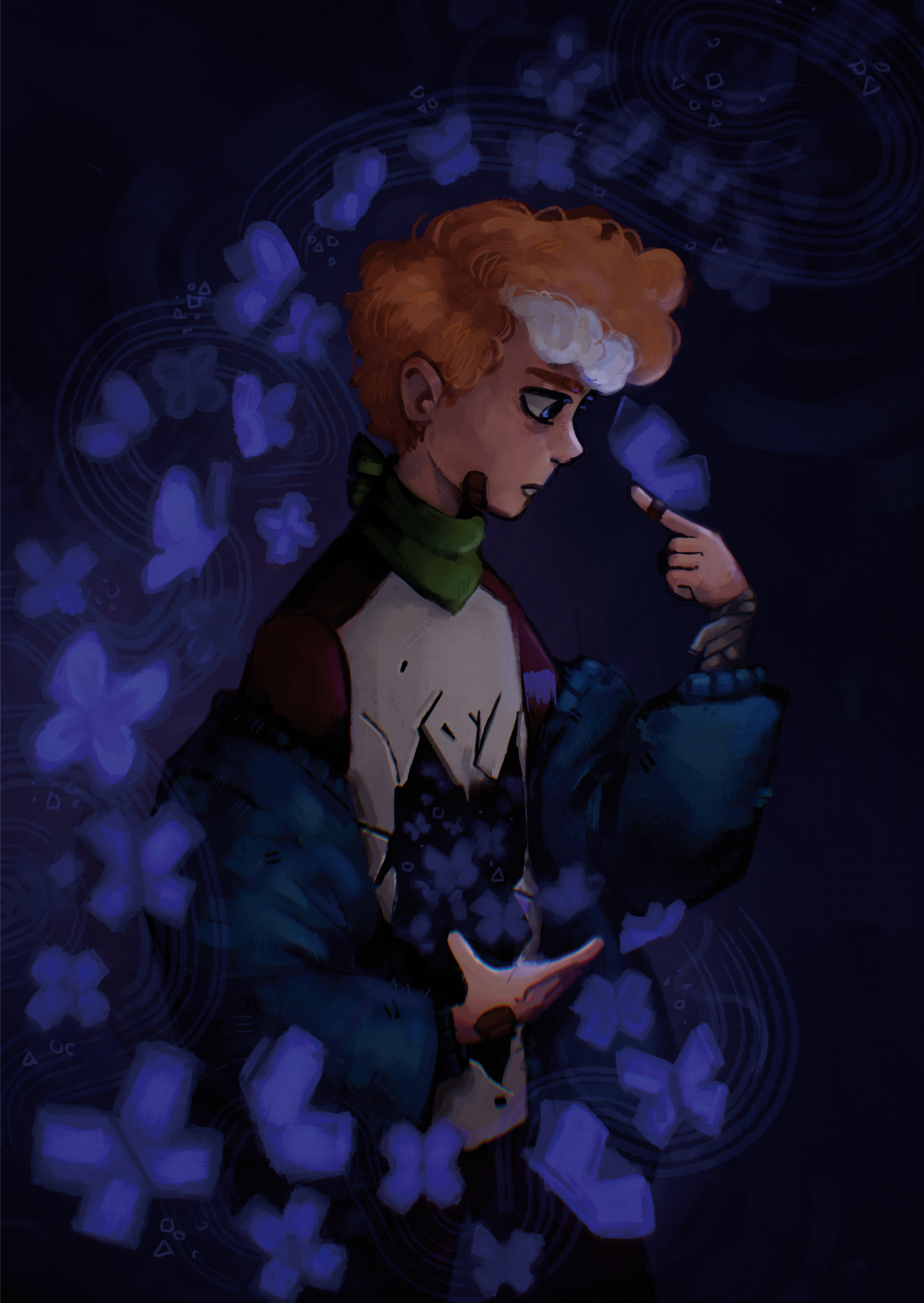
you’re an ode to water lilies, a magnum opus upon his gallery.
it’s kinder under soil. you feel the absence like an early throe
but you cannot clot that loss with prayer.
when you reach for the swan song it’s like sifting glass
but even ten stories up the jump seems small. irrelevant.

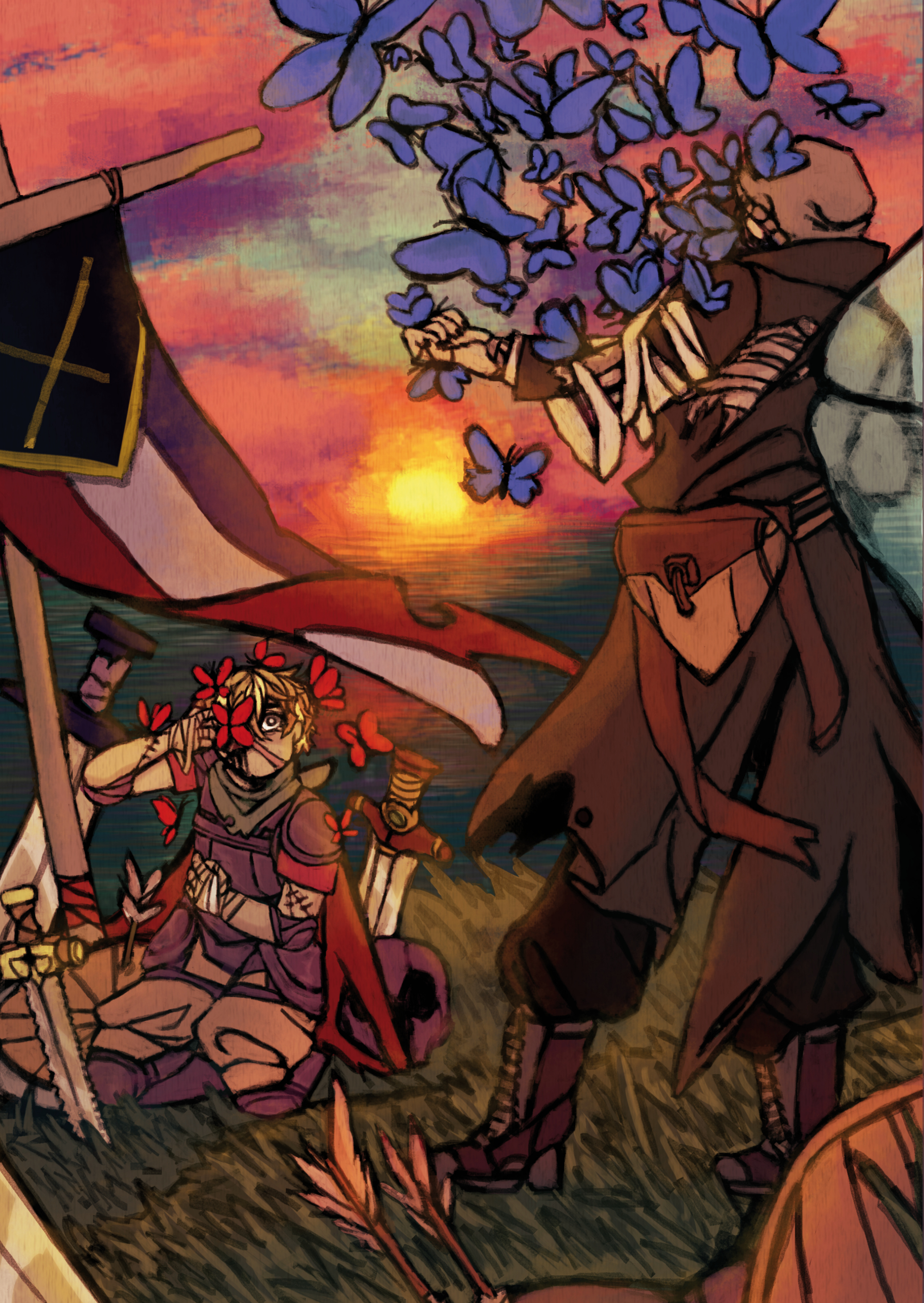
it flares, and you are defective:
phantom aches, seeping orange, the rip gapes.
you will never fly again but perhaps that was the point.
maybe in its absence he finds you ugly now, too.

good.



Wilbur
Donna





There's a boy in a field – a boy with bluebell and cornflower in his pockets, a dead thing staining the hands of a dead thing. There's a boy with his chin tilted to the sky, eyes shut tight, and a prayer to Prime on his lips – aimless, senseless, just a plea for something, anything, a sign. Even though there's a hoard of them over his head. There's a boy in a field, and a setting sun in the sky, and butterflies as far as the eye can see. There are every single hue, and they render Tommy Innit in a portrait of decay. How unlike the blank, black void; how this is still a scenery of death all the same.

There are feather-light legs on the little exposed parts of his skin: wrists, hands, forehead. There are curled tongues on his eyelids. The biting wind that blows through brings tears to his eyes; the butterflies don't care for that. They only care for the boy – or, rather, his rot.

Rot. He feels it, in his heart, even where the insects can't reach – it's permeating his whole life, now. There's not even desperation, really, despite his prayers. No, it's this silent acceptance, deep down. He's the boy who was dead. Still is dead. One of those. Both.

"We're the same," Wilbur tells him, a splotch of azure on his bloodied bandage, another one crawling on the white streak of his hair. "You and me."

But Wilbur has taken to life with a vengeance in a way that Tommy can't. Wilbur embraces the oddity, the novelty. Tommy can only slowly absorb it. He's a dead thing in a masquerade. The butterflies adorn him, and he's walking the red carpet of blood back to hell.

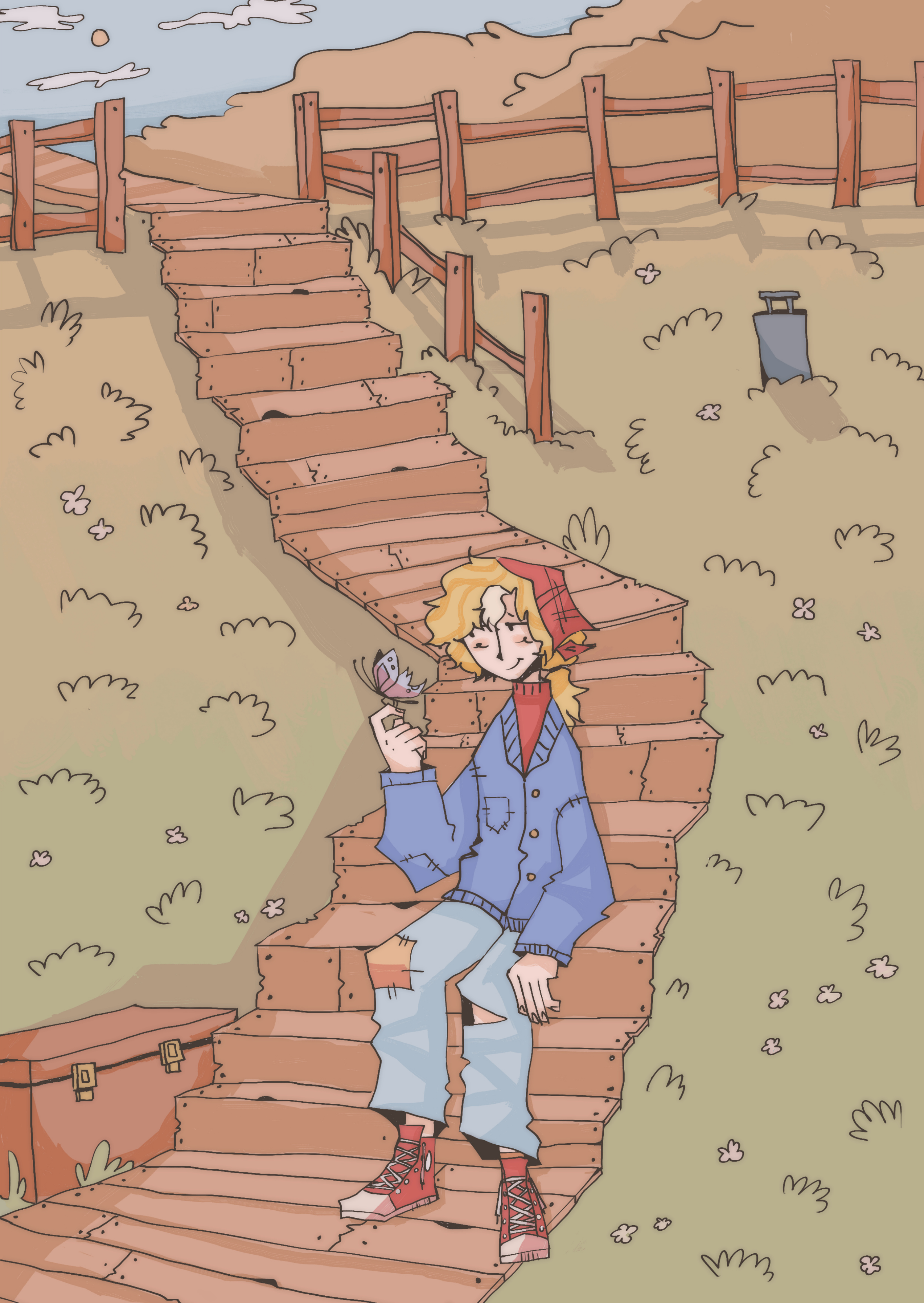
But what are we, Wil? Tommy thinks to himself, and he can't help but be bitter. The time of blind trust in an older brother who knew all the answers is gone, only leaving him with a confused mind and a house of new wood and so many damn butterflies. When he brings a hand to his nose, he smells the concentrate of crushed flowers, a different kind of death. His wood house is in dirt; it is a new coffin in an old, weary grave.

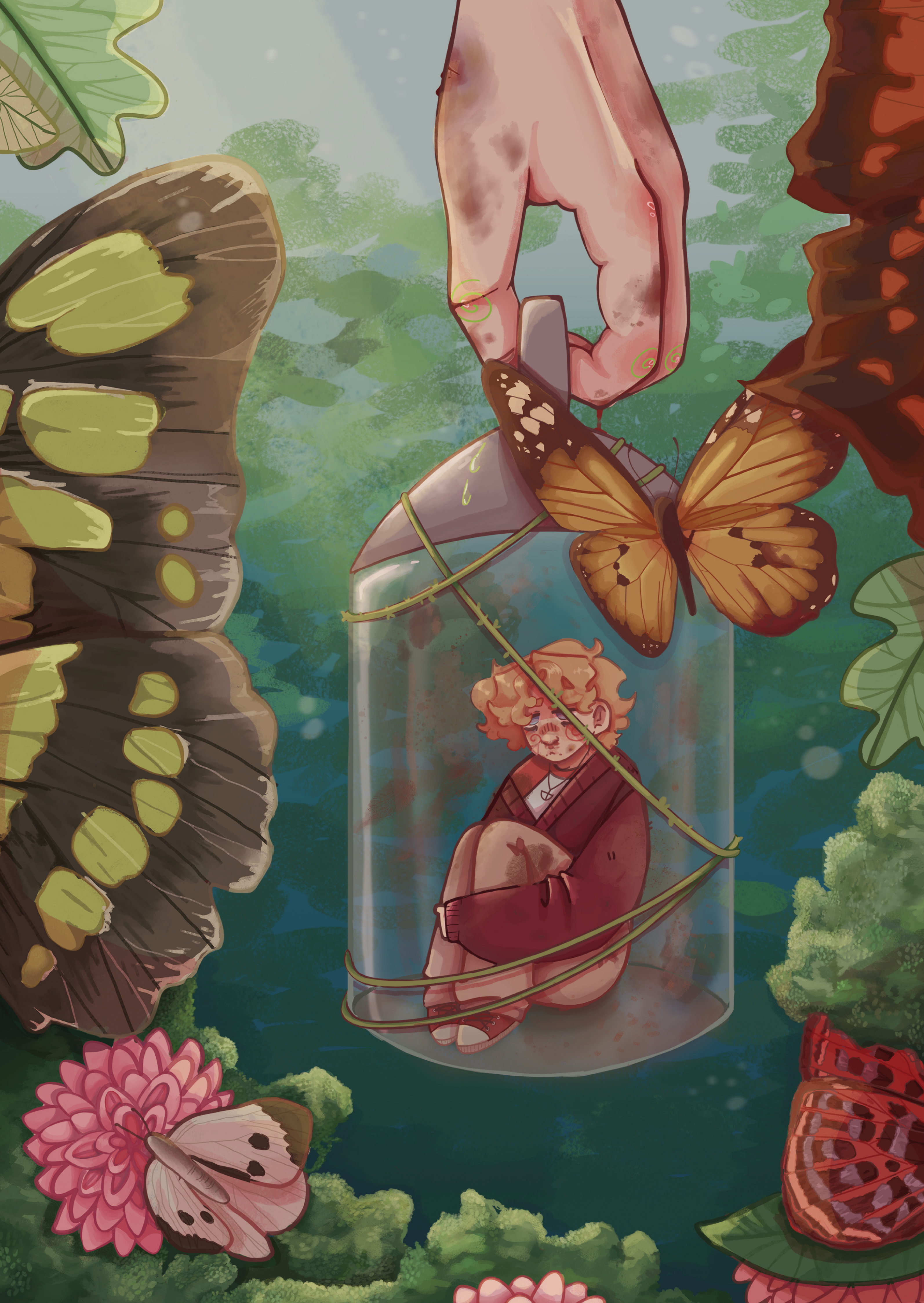
He can't even remember the phenomenon of this all beginning; he can't even imagine the end. Maybe one day he'll properly die, be at peace (unlikely as it sounds, it's never his time to die, even as he lives like this). And maybe the butterflies would still be there, crawling over him, hungry. Tommy doesn't know hunger, not anymore. He's a yawning gap of a boy, a lover of life falling out of infatuation. He doesn't think anything can satisfy him, not anymore.

There's a boy in a field, knee-deep in the tall grass. He is a messiah, crucified; martyr to a lost cause, spectacle of a body only a target for ridicule or, well. You know. There's a boy in a field, six feet under, six feet over. Butterflies follow him, because they love a dead thing, and that's what Tommy Innit is: a boy, sure, but a dead one walking.

TOMMYSMILE

Dessa





To the butterfly waiting for its wings to dry,

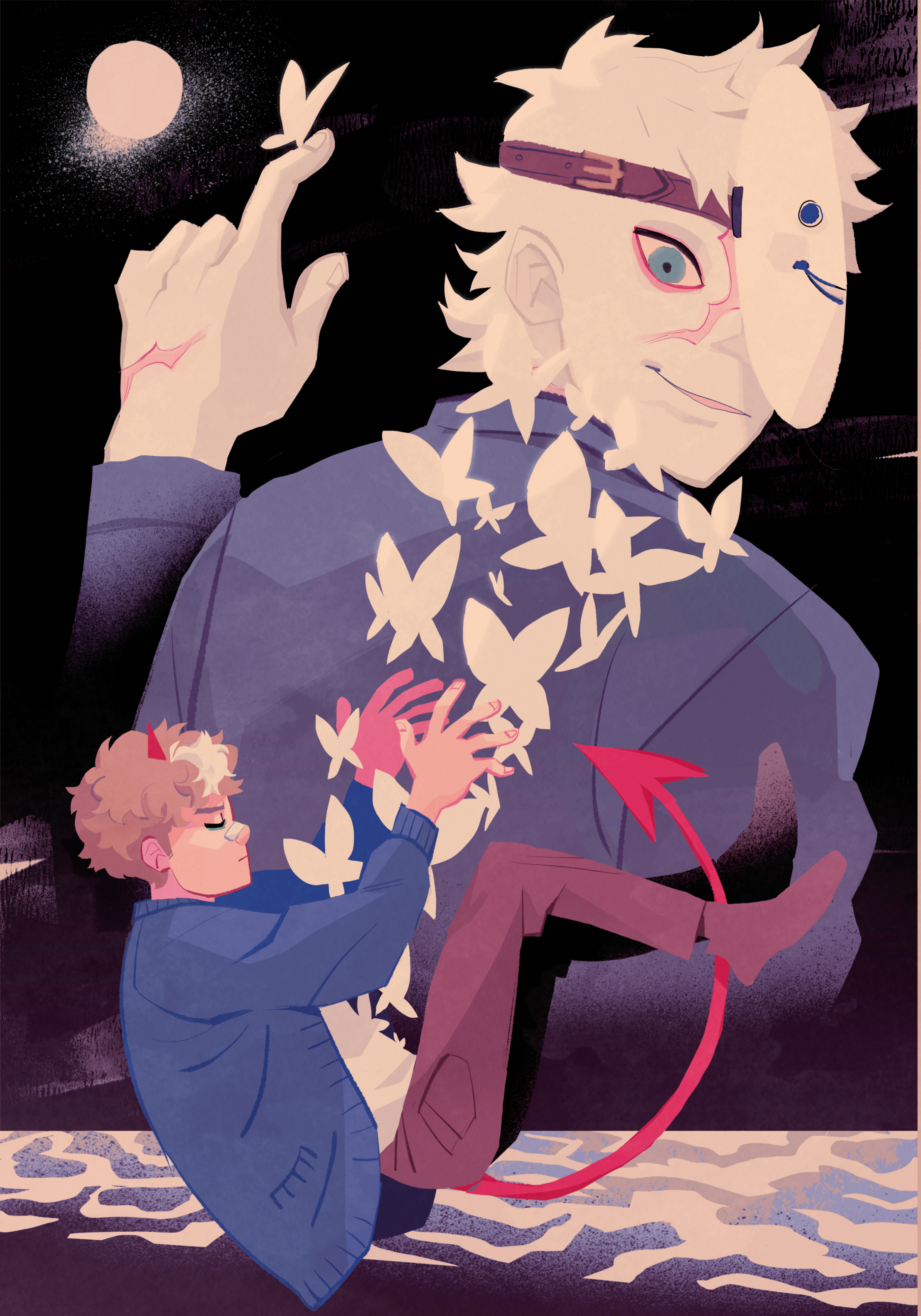
He’s learned his colors and he’s learned them well.
There is his passionate red and his spirited green.
He’s learned of the russet fur and golden sunshine,
That lie in-between. His zealous attention always given,
to the wings left to flutter in her vision
But he can’t help but notice, things look far glassier.
Her meadow looks muddled; tainted, and monochromatic; hauntingly so.

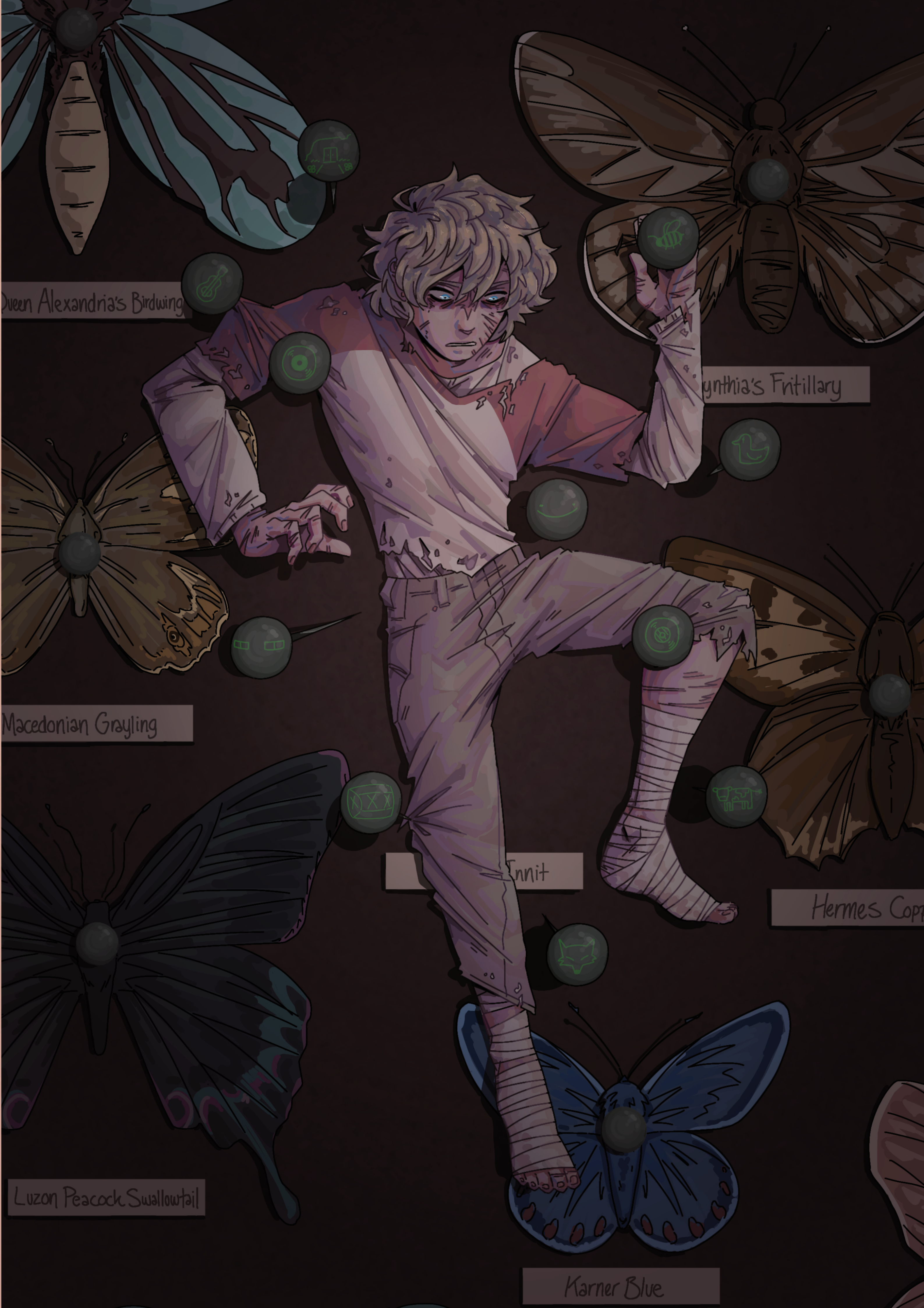
There are reds in wrong places, darker and damp—
The lush of her planes is muted, and he feels the same
As he stares stunned at her stifled scenery, he can’t help but wonder
has it always been this way? Is it his sight that lies, or is it the drowning Rot?
Is his cage drowned in taxidermic fingerprints?
Or is the hand holding it whispering falsities doused in Gospel?

He doesn’t know. But he knows his colors.
He knows his reds,
He can’t recall his green,
His yellow has hidden itself behind the clouds,
And his orange is long, stuck in gilded Dreams.
And here he is, held high above the skyline,
In a world where color’s long abandoned.

And There are no eyes to stall his stay up there.

①
Common Mormon
②




Queen Alexandria's Birdwing
ynthia's Fritillary
Macedonian Grayling
Innit
Hermes Cop
Luzon Peacock Swallowtail
Karner Blue

miaou

With dawn comes a barrage of his own worst regrets: ashen and tattered, tangled with rising dread that scrapes the horizon. Shredded butterfly wings in a web of red silk— Tommy counts each one with snagged breath. He shouldn't be here, with his shaky hands and trembling lungs. Not again.

But here he is— crouched on a cobble roof with Wilbur to his right, mumbling too low to discern under the smoke-sweet breeze. Eyes trained on the miniscule figures of Schlatt, Quackity, and Tubbo where they stand on their shared podium.

It burns against Tommy's pupils. Sears into the back of his eyelids; if he closes them, the next few moments dredge up in an explosion of colour. The scream, the sparks, the slump of cut puppet strings— all of it. He alone is burdened with Apollo's foresight.

And he's played his part well since he bolted upright, sweat-plastered and clammy (the last dregs of fists on cracked bone, a hand clenched in blonde hair, throat a choking noose fading away beneath his sternum). Balanced the tightrope of too much and not enough, replaying each word, each sucking, shuddering breath to keep up the act. Speak your lines, Theseus. Dance, and do not deviate.

What else is there to do? A single step to the right— one slip of clumsy fingers— could erupt into a chaos he can't control. Bitter and defeated, he can't risk the early crackle of TNT, or ignite the warning spark of Wilbur's paranoia. Not if it means losing everything.

Beside him, Wilbur is typing on his communicator, tongue clenched between bared teeth. Don't fire yet, he'll say within the next few breaths, when Tommy's impatient hands draw out his crossbow. Be ready, but don't fire yet.

And Tommy, heart in his throat, will obey— the compliance of a beaten dog, loyal and shattered, because as much as the future looms before him, at least it's illuminated. Crystalline, in its hideous clarity.

"Schlatt," Tubbo says, so far below them that his voice diminishes to a fine, tremulous whisper. "Schlatt, wait—"

They've brought out the concrete. A box destined to hold a corpse, the fetid rank of charred meat. Its memory sinks into Tommy's nose, poisoning the maelstrom in his lungs.

This is where he turns to Wil, fire in his eyes. A silent demand to act, to rescue— and Wilbur will hold out a restraining hand. He doesn't know Techno is on our side. A fraying confidence from every pore, as patchwork as his coat, despite the doubt shadowing his brows. Tommy parts tongue from teeth, sweat running through the lines of his palms. Ready to perform his side of the script—

And pauses. Pinned beneath the weight of his own indecision, a butterfly to corkboard— because it's down to this, isn't it? A split second before the itch of a trigger finger, a hair's breadth from taking a second life. Techno on the podium, uncertain and stalling. Tommy above them all, ender pearl in his pocket, a wordless cry bubbling to ready lips.

He could do it— sit and watch. Play his part, follow that devastating road. The Tubbo he's familiar with has worn his scars for months, a writhing half-mask of burns stretching to his collarbone, decorating the backs of his arms. They've gotten used to it.

Bile rises up Tommy's throat.

"He won't," Wilbur breathes, shoulders taut. Brother's instinct lighting his synapses, hand still raised. "Tommy, he's on our side, he won't—"

There comes a point in time where the gravity of two choices becomes paralytic. Where two roads diverge; one well-trodden, marked with ruinous signs, and the other hidden by clinging shadows. This is the butterfly flapping its wings: it would take a single beat, a single step to change course, and for all that's certain it could boil to a hurricane. Tommy teeters on that precipice, the crossbow leaden in his hands, heartbeat drumming in his ears. Dawn stroking his cheek with molten gold.

Below them, the citizens of L'Manberg mill, frightened. Beside him, Wilbur cautions with a steady hand. And before him, Tubbo hangs in the balance.

Two choices. Act, or don't. Risk, or remain.

A breath. Two. Buried deep within his chest, the pin snaps.

And in one smooth motion, Tommy lifts his crossbow and fires.

faemorrigan

Dream leaves, and Logstedshire falls silent.

Still.

The portal cries out as he steps through, stealing the sound from the world—or perhaps it was just Dream's still-smoldering parting gift of raucous destruction making Tommy's ears ring. Plumes of smoke coil up and out into the sky, filling the air with a familiar, cloying poison. He could hold his breath. Step away. Tommy does neither. He breathes it in, feels the grit settle in the back of his throat and on his tongue. In its own way, the smoke is an old friend. He can greet it like one.

Slowly, everything creeps back to life. A seagull cries out as it swoops down the shore; the trees shudder in the exhale of the ocean breeze; in the distance, the lowing of his sole companion, his mooshroom, echoes out of the camp. His loneliness stifles everything, but, eventually, the world moves on. Tommy is the one who chokes on it; the one that suffocates in the wake of Dream's departure.

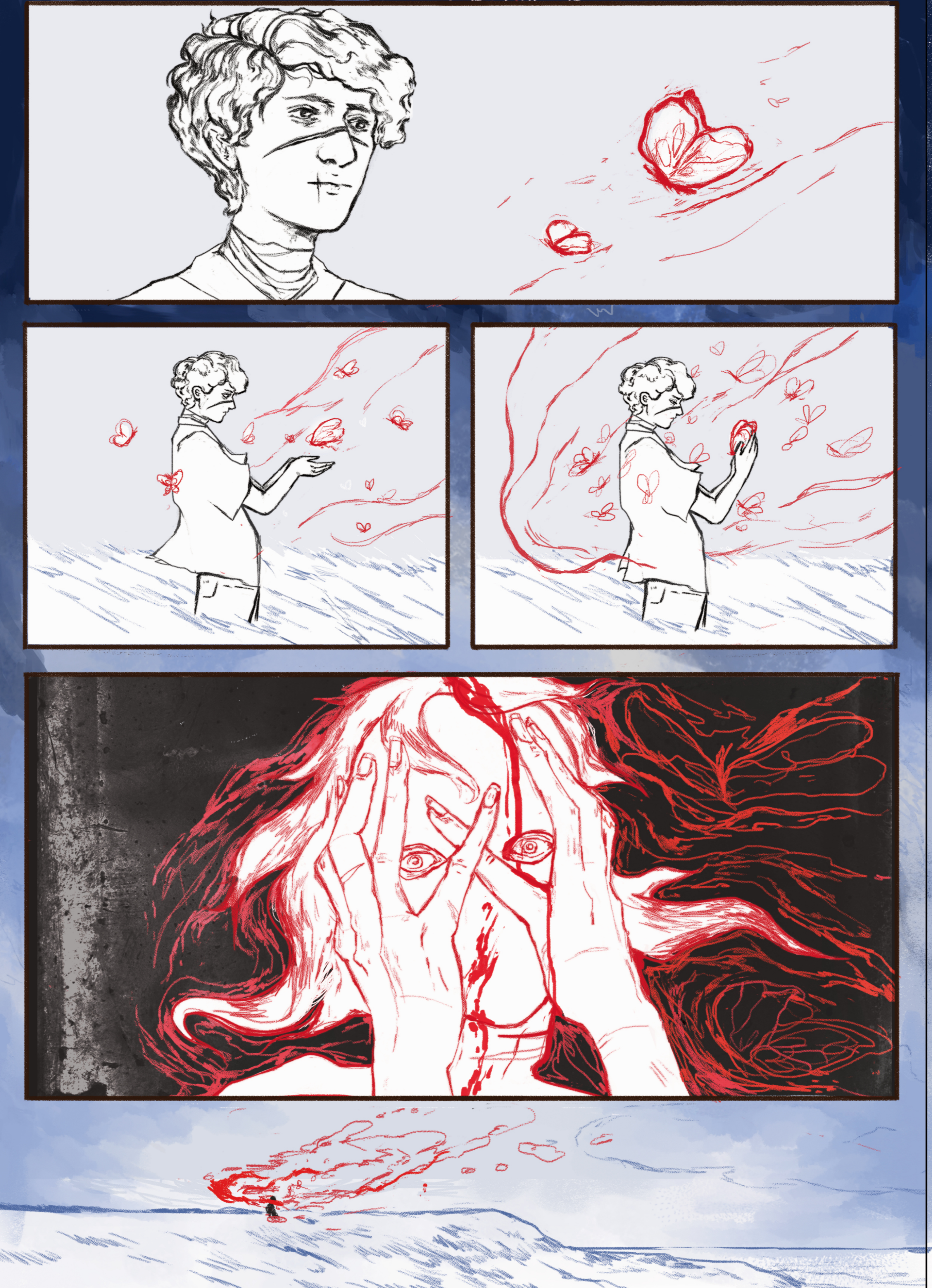
Something yellow-gold-blonde flickers in the corner of his eye.

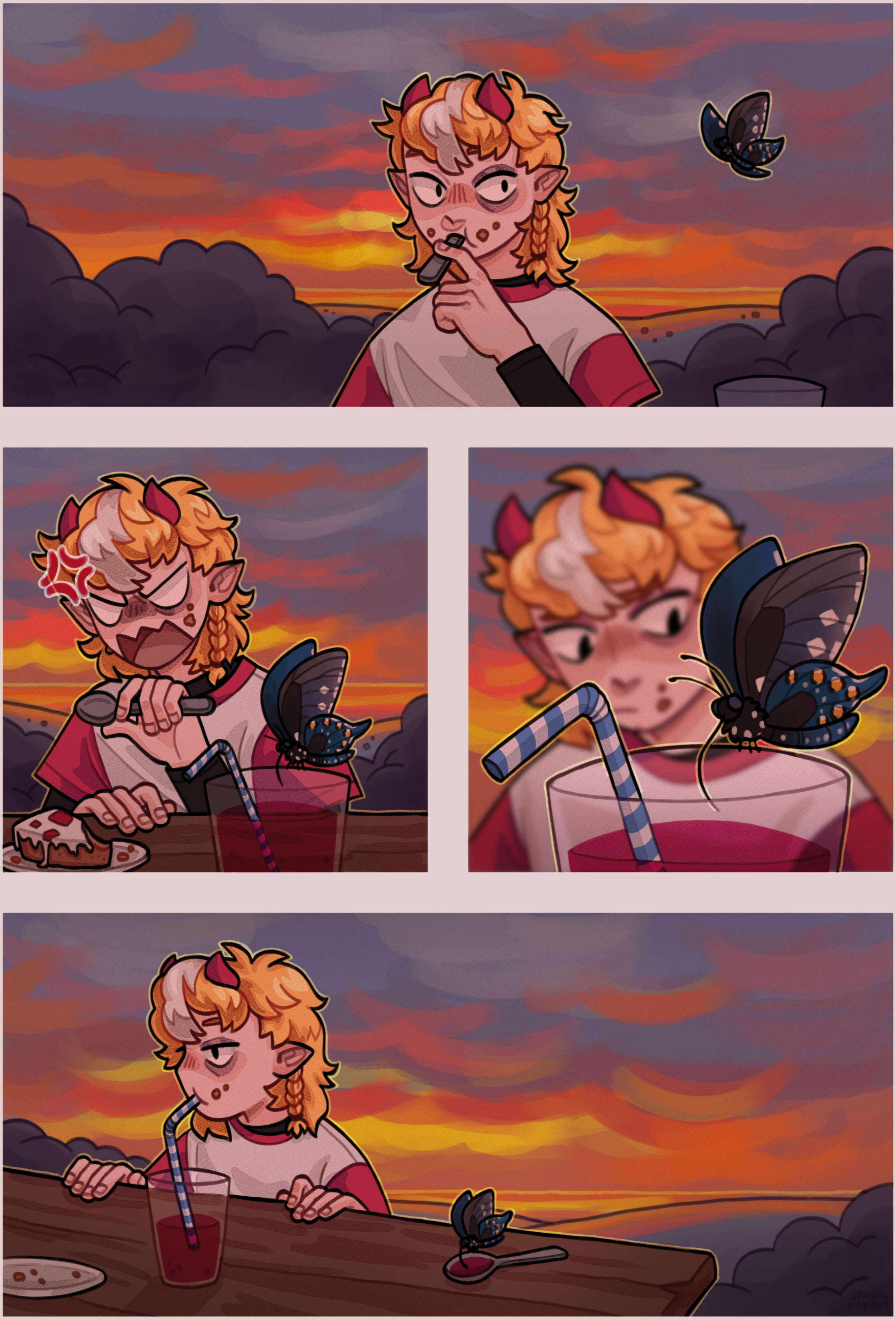
Tucked in the waistband of his shorts, pressed against his skin, sticky with sweat and secrets and the knowledge that Dream can never, ever realize that Tommy is hiding it, there is a picture of Tubbo and him. It's before Tubbo's hair had gone brown—when it was still yellow-gold-blonde.

He turns, a choice made more by his body than his mind, head spinning and vision swimming with vibrant neons and black swirls. There's nothing. No one. Just a butterfly, bright against the sky. It dances through the curling smoke, up and up, wings beating effortlessly. Unbound and unbroken.

Some cruel, jealous part of him thinks about trying to catch it; pin it down; rip off its wings and show it how it feels to be trapped and alone. His stomach roils with nausea. Tommy doesn't. He couldn't, not really. He just watches it fly away, yellow-gold-blonde vanishing into the vast blue expanse of a freedom he'll never touch.

REMEMBERANCE




CROAK
DREAM

ANBURG TIMES
22nd SEPT 2020
POG2020 LOSS
In a surprise turn of events, SCHLATT 2020 claimed victory the
2020 L'manberg election after combining with the party SWAG2020 to form a
coalition government, effectively collecting all their votes together to
Jebediah Schlatt, the newly elected president of Manberg (formerly L'manb
announced shortly after the victory a shocking proclamation of exile again
POG2020 Leader Wilbur Soot and his right-hand man Tom
marking this day an absolutely devastating loss
What's next for Manberg? The
is uncertain, howe
Morpho didius.
The GIANT BLU
Animalia • Anthropoda • Insecta • Lepid
Butterflies are common symbols of life,
change, transformation, and hope. It is
also sometimes thought that butterflies
are messengers of angels, loved ones who
recently passed, or of better times to come.
Blue butterflies, like the Giant Blue Morpho,
are a particularly unique colour; the way they
stand out in nature catches the eye and
gives them a special significance that man
You get in People's heads wil
You're like a little Caterpillar,
alright? You go in through their ear, then
you hatch a butterfly. Before you Know it,
your brain's just Colours and flying.
And then you're
making the wrong
decisions.
TAMORPHOSIS
TOMMY's STUFF
HANDS OFF!!
ANATOMICAL STUDY #123 - Butte
Forewing
Head
Antennae
Thorax
Veins
Abdomen
Hind wing
dult butterflies
coloured wings
three sections
thorax. In
antennae are
unlike moths,
sun compass
the weather.
Complete metamorphosis
- Come back a NEW YOU
The practice of pinning butterf
requires multiple stages including
relaxing dried specimens, pinning
them, then spreading them into
a desired pose. It requires intens
patience and control, as dried
butterflies are quite delicate and
can be broken without anyone noticing
They are relatively easy
to manipulate in isolation
stupid fucking bugs
if you ask me.
well no one did
fucking ask you did they
Wilbur
bees are better
anyway.
Page 7.

beginners guide on the correct way to display your collection

thank you for your purchase of our
“beginners guide on the correct way to display your
collection.” for those interested in the art of butterfly pinning,
but might still be, oh, ripping a wing or two now and again. :)

inside, you will find all the helpful tips and tricks you could
ever need, from catching your butterfly, to the best way of
framing it, and even how to break it down emotionally so that it
wont ever try to escape you!